THE WOMAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN

A Sad Story of George Washington's Pretty Young Sweetheart.

A ROMANTIC TRUE STORY

Save for the Stupid Pride of Miss Smith's Hard Hearted Father, the Williamsburg Belle and Beauty Might Have Reigned as Our First Mistress of the White House.

Hard by the bare stone walls of the oldest insane asylum in America, in Williamsburg, Va., flourishes according to repute the only yew tree in these United States. Standing beneath the old yew tree and looking toward the southeast across a rolling meadow watered by flowing springs, one sees almost within hailing distance the mossy roof of a rambling old cottage.

More than a century and a half ago the massive ox-hewn timbers of the wide, low dwelling were erected. And when the master of the cottage, with his family, had once established his lares and penates, there might have been seen at

George Washington and Martha Custus.

frequent intervals a gallant young cavalier who was fain to show the paces of his well-bred steed, and, incidentally, of course, his own graceful equitation upon Tazewell avenue.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

For the owner of the cottage had a daughter!

Now, this young man who visited the cottage across the meadow on Tazewell avenue was Major George Washington. And of his visits there and what befell in consequence; and how the pride of a man and the weakness of a woman changed a nation's history it is my purpose to tell as it was told to me in the language, one might almost say, of an eye witness.

It is precisely because it is one of those "important trivialities" which history overlooks that it is so well worth the telling. In Williamsburg every child is familiar with the tradition. I had it from a descendant of one of the oldest colonial families, a gentleman of the highest reputation. To him his aunt, who died many years ago at a very advanced age and who knew General Washington well in her girlhood, related this story as a matter of fact of which she had personal knowledge. It is one of those episodes which no woman ever forgets and my informant recalls how the good lady, his aunt, kept the story for state occasions, and derived the greatest satisfaction from telling of it.

The owner of the cottage on Tazewell avenue within hail of the old yew tree was a man named Smith. He was a person of some means and much respectability and laid claim to noble descent. He was also held in some favor at "the palace," where the colonial governors kept semi-royal state in those days. Mr. Smith was blessed with a daughter who was one of the reigning beauties of the capital, and for her the proud father cherished matrimonial ambitions.

LOVELY MISS SMITH.

The society of Williamsburg was constantly graced, if not improved, by the course with his daughter. The future president had a will of his own and on his personal motion the episode would not have ended thus ingloriously. He would have arranged an elopement and doubtless carried it off successfully, too, but the girl lacked the courage and independence to take so radical a step and Washington was compelled to submit to a fate he could not overcome. It was not until he had exhausted every honorable means to possess his sweetheart, that Washington rode away and sought to efface her memory in difficult and dangerous enterprises. It is related that on his departure, the girl fell ill and well nigh died of grief and mortification.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS.

Those were busy days and time fled apace. The major was a colonel, a member of the House of Burgesses and surveyor general of Virginia.

There was too, a sweet and stately woman, who day by day in the fashionable season, passed many a pleasant hour upon the rustic seat beneath the yew trees with Washington at her side. She was a widow, now, and her children were sleeping by her husband's side in the churchyard. But she was still young with a grace and charm which made her the first lady of the land by her right not less through the exalted position which fate was preparing for her.

Perhaps the very words which gave a mistress to the nation and made George Washington a happy husband were whispered beneath the yew, which had been so discreet a witness to a certain other courtship not so very far away.

WASHINGTON'S RETURN TO WILLIAMSBURG.

Time brought its changes to the people in the cottage, too, and they were not happy ones. For the gallants from over seas came and flirted and rode away. At last, however, there came another suitor who was in earnest. He was not a lord, nor a son of a lord, but a Virginian. This time the stern parent interposed no objections and they were married. And this was the worst mistake of all; for the man was a roystering, gaming, drinking blade, who made ducks and drakes of his wife's money and then abused her because the supply was exhausted. It appears that the only good thing he did was to die before he had quite killed the girl and ruined the family.

At last there came a day the remembrance of which still awakes a thrill of enthusiastic pride in war-torn Williamsburg. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, the American arms were everywhere victorious and the whilom Major Washington was hailed of all men as King and Savior of his country. The allied armies returned to Williamburg to pass the winter and were given a reception commensurate with their deeds and the means at hand. The city was en fete and wild with patriotic enthusiasm.

On this occasion Washington did not ride a white horse, but a beautiful thoroughbred chestnut worthy of his master. He was surrounded by a staff of French and American officers glittering with gold lace and decorations. Rochambeau and La Fayette rode on his either hand. He rode bare headed through the city, bowing gravely and proudly to the wildly cheering people. As the head of the procession passed down Tazewell avepue on the way to Duke of Gloucester street and the "Palace," a pale slendor woman came to the door of the cottage and stood with her hands pressed close above her bosom and her tears blurring the wistful eyes bent so eagerly upon the noble, bareheaded figure sitting so masterly upon the dancing chestnut. Washington saw and knew her in one keen glance above the heads of the shouting crowds and, checking his impatient animal, he bowed till his powdered hair mingled with his horse's mane. The woman attempted a courtesy, but nature could bear no more, and with a gasping sigh she fainted and was borne within, a hopeless, nervous wreck; while the man whom her father had scornfully turned out of doors rode on to his great destiny, his victorious army at his back, the cheering multitude at his feet.

There is little more to tell. The former Miss Smith died soon after Washington's election to the presidency. Her family removed to Missouri. Here, in later years, a famous Virginian, Nathaniel Beverly Tucker, visited them and brought back to Williamsburg as his bride, Lucy Ann, daughter of General Thomas Smith, U. S. A., who my informant believes, was a nephew of the woman who did not marry George Washington.

JOHN STUART BONNER.

THE USE OF COCAINE.

Horse Trainers and Jockeys Find it Useful as a Bracer For Their Nags

Within a recent period cocaine has come into use on the race track as a stimulant. Horses that are worn and exhausted, or are uncertain as to speed and endurance, are given 10 to 15 grains of cocaine by the needle under the skin at the time of starting, or a few moments before.

The effects are very prominent, and a veritable muscular delirium follows, in which the horse displays unusual speed and often unexpectedly wins the race. This agitation continues, and the driver has difficulty in "slowing down" the horse after the race is over; not infrequently the horse will go half way round again before he can be stopped. The exhaustion which follows is not marked, except in the great thirst and loss of appetite. Sometimes diarrhea and trembling follow. But good grooms give unusual attention to rubbing and bathing the legs in hot water and stimulants. The general effect on the horse is depression, from which he soon recovers, but it is found essential to give cocaine again to make sure of his speed. The action of cocaine grows more transient as the use increases, and when a long period of scoring follows before the race begins drivers give a second dose secretly while in the saddle. Sometimes the horses becomes delirious and unmanageable and leaves the track in a wild frenzy, often killing the driver, or he drops dead on the track from cocaine, although the cause is unknown to any but the owner and driver. Some horses have been given as high as 30 grains at a time, but this is dangerous and only given to wornout animals, who may by this means win a race. It appears that cocaine is only used in running races and as a temporary stimulant for the time. It is claimed that the flashing eyes and trembling excitement of the horse are strong evidence of the use of cocaine.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.

We build a bridge of trust
From night to morn,
A mystic arch of dreams
Till day is born.

We build a bridge of trust
From friend to friend,
And often break the span
We cannot mend.

We build a bridge of trust
From shore to shore,
And shadow figures steal across
At peace forevermore.

—Florence A. Munroe in Detroit Free Press.

MISS NANCY'S ABSENCE.

Oh, I wonder wha Miss Nancy gone,
Fer de latch is on de do',
En de sunflower say:
"She gone dis way,"
En de sun don't shine no mo'.

Oh, I wonder whar Miss gone,
Fer de place look mighty still;
En de wind he say:
"Ef she gone my way,
I'll find her, dat I will!"

Oh, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone,
While de shadders creep en creep,
En de w'ipperwill
Fum crost de hill,
Say: "I'm singin' her ter sleep!"

Oh, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone
Fer de sun gone vis'tin', too;
But de moonlight say:
"Ef she cross my way
I'll light her home to you."

—Atlanta Constitution.

GRAND OPERA REALISM.

Tyler paid $7 for two opera tickets. Although he slept through one duet he felt fully repaid for going, because Mrs. Tyler raved over the opera and wasted her superlatives on it. The "music was heavenly," the prima donna "superb" and the tenor "magnificent." There is nothing so irritates a real enthusiasm as the presence of calm scorn.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mrs. Tyler, as she settled back after the eighth recall of the mocherly woman who had been singing the part of a 16-year-old maiden.

"I like the music, my dear, but grand opera drags so. Then the situations are so preposterous they always appeal to my sense of humor. When I see Romeo and Juliet die, both singing away as if they enjoyed it, I have to laugh."

"The idea!"

"You take it in this last act. Those two fellows came out with the soldiers and announced that they were conspiring and didn't want to be heard by the people in the house, and then they shouted in chorus until they have been heard two miles away."

"Oh, you are prejudiced."

"Not at all. I'll tell you, a grand opera's the funniest kind of a show, if you only take the right view of it."

Thus they argued, and even after they arrived home she taunted him and told him he could not appreciate the dignity of the situation.

It was this nagging which induced Mr. Tyler to write an act of grand opera. He chose for his subject an alarm of fire in an apartment house. The one act, written solely for the benefit of Mrs. Tyler, is here appended:

ACT I.

[Scene.—The apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler. Mr. Tyler is discovered reading a newspaper. Enter Mrs. Tyler, who advances to the center of the room.]

Mrs. Tyler—I think I smell smoke.
Mr. Tyler—She thinks she smells smoke.
Mrs. Tyler—I think I smell smoke.
Mr. Tyler—Ah, what is this? She thinks she smells smoke.
Mrs. Tyler—
What does it mean?
What does it mean?
This smell of smoke may indicate
That we'll be burned. Oh, awful fate!
That we'll be burned.
Oh-h-h-h-h, awful fate!
Mr. Tyler—
Behold the smell grows stronger yet!
The house is burning. I'd regret
To perish in the curling flames.
Oh, horror! Oh, horror! Oh, horror!
Mr. and Mrs. Tyler (duet)—
Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
Sad is our lot, sad is our lot.
To curl and writhe and fry and sizz.
Oh, what a dreadful thing it is
To think of such a thing!
Mrs. Tyler—We must escape!
Mr. Tyler—Yes, yes, we must escape.
Mrs. Tyler—We have no time to lose.
Mr. Tyler—Ah, bitter truth! Ah, bitter truth! We have no time to lose!
Mr. and Mrs. Tyler (duet)—
Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot,
Sad is our lot, sad is our lot!
To perish in the flames so hot!
To curl and writhe and fry and sizz.
Oh, what a dreadful thing it is
To think of such a thing!
Mrs. Tyler—We must escape!
Mr. Tyler—Hark! What is that?
Mrs. Tyler—Hark! What is that?
Mr. Tyler—It is the alarm of fire!
Mrs. Tyler—Ah, yes! Ah, yes! It is the dread alarm!
Mr. Tyler—
The dread alarm strikes on the ear
And chills me with an awful fear.
The house will burn. Oh, can it be
That I must die in misery?
That I must die in misery?
That I must die in misery?
The house will burn. Oh, can it be
That I must die in misery?
Mrs. Tyler—Come, let us fly!
Mr. Tyler—'Tis well! 'Tis well! We'll fly at once.

[Enter all the other residents of the fifth floor of the apartment building. They range themselves in a semi-circle behind Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.]

Mr. Tyler—
Kind friends, I have some news to tell—
This house is burning. It is well
That we should haste ourselves away
And save our lives without delay.
Oh, let us not remain too long!
Remain too long, too long, too long!
Oh, let us not remain too long!
Women of the Chorus—
What is this he tells us?
It must be so.
The building is on fire,
And we must go.
Men of the Chorus—
What is this he tells us?
It must be so.
The building is on fire,
And we must go.
Grand Chorus—
Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten away!
Our terror we would conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel!
Mr. and Mrs. Tyler—
Ah-h-h, language cannot express the fear
That in their hearts they feel!
(Enter the janitor.)
Janitor—Hold, I am here!
Mr. Tyler—Ah, it is the janitor!
Mrs. Tyler—
Can I believe my senses,
Or am I going mad?
It is the janitor!
It is, indeed, the janitor!
Janitor—Such news I have to tell!
Mr. Tyler—Ah, I might have known! He has such news to tell!
Mrs. Tyler—Speak and break the awful suspense!
Mr. Tyler—Yes, speak!
Janitor—
I come to inform you
That you must quickly fly;
The fearful blaze is spreading;
To carry is to die.
The floors underneath you
Are completely burned away.
They cannot save the building,
So now escape, I pray!
The flames are roaring loudly.
Oh, what a fearful sound!
You can hear the people shrieking
As they leap and strike the ground.
Oh, horror overtakes me,
And I merely pause to say
That the building's doomed for certain,
So, haste, oh, haste away!
Mrs. Tyler—Oh, awful message! How it chills my heart!
Yet we will sing
A few more arias
Before we start.
Mr. Tyler—Yes, yes! A few more arias,
And then away.
Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten away!
Our terror we would conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel!
Mrs. Tyler—
Now, ere I retreat,
Lest death overtakes me,
I'll speak of the fear
Which convulses and shakes me.
I sicken to think what may befall—
Oh, horror, horror, horror!
Mr. Tyler—
The woman speaks the truth,
And there can be no doubt
That we will perish soon
Unless we all clear out.
Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten! Oh, hasten away!
Our terror we cannot conceal,
And language fails to express the alarm
That in our hearts we feel.

This was as far as Mr. Tyler could go. He didn't want to make his principals actually "hasten away," as that would have been a violation of opera traditions.

His theory is that they remained and were burned.—Chicago Record.

SOME OF OUR SLEEPERS.

Some of our well-known men knit up the raveled sleeve of care by curious and apparently unnatural methods of sleep. Edison, for example, can remain awake for a week if his mind is wrapped up in a new discovery. There is a famous doctor in this city who sleeps only forty winks at a time. Dr. Joseph Howe slept the last twenty years of his life in a Turkish bath. He could sleep nowhere else. W. J. Arkell stays awake from Monday morning till Friday night, then goes to Canajoharie and sleeps for two days. Dr. Depew has lately acquired the habit of taking a siesta and finds it beneficial. Webster could never stay awake later than 9 o'clock. Many a time he was caught standing behind the door, fast asleep. His head grew an eighth of an inch a year, and the increasing weight of brain made long sleep imperative.—New York Press.

DRAWING THE LINE.

Many years ago the minister of Forbes, in Aberdeenshire, was Benjamin Mercer, a man of great bodily strength and of great eccentricity of habits. One day as he was preaching a man in the congregation fell asleep. Still Mr. Mercer took no notice of him until he began to snore, and then called to the beadle, "Charlie, wauken up Sandy Much; he's sittin' i' the corner o' that square seat snorin'." The beadle was quick to act, and Sandy awakened in a hurried and excited manner, whereupon the minister addressed him: "Sandy, I'm nae freely sae hard upon sleepers i' the kirk as some folk, because the preacher is sometimes as much to blame as the hearer, but"—and he held out his clinched fist threateningly—"but, Sandy, I debar snorin'."—London Telegraph.

THE POPULAR BICYCLE.

Prospects of even greater popularity for the bicycle are pleasant. It means prosperity as showing folks getting on well or better off.—Philadelphia Times.

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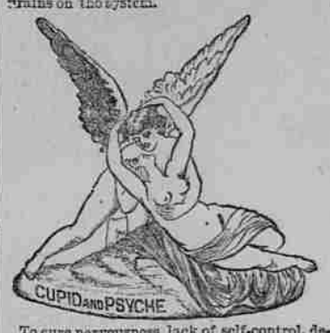

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A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well intro-

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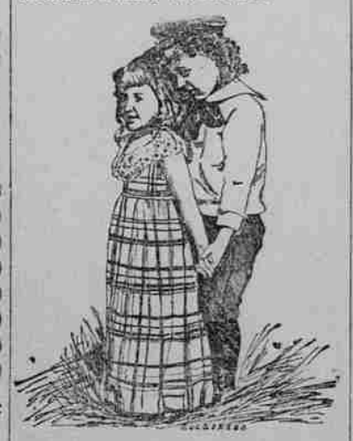

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Stocks, Bonds and Warrants	34,350 79
Real Estate, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults	37,060 11
Cash and Sight Exchange	102,481 67
	$586,978 74

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	5,977 56
Circulation	45,000 00
Deposits	335,501 18
Bills Payable	7,500 00
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From Helena, Butte, Portland, San Francisco, Ogden and intermediate points	9:05 a. m.
From San Francisco, Cache Valley, Ogden and intermediate points	7:15 p. m.
From Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Ogden	8:30 a. m.
*From Frisco, Milford, and intermediate points	9:45 a. m.
From Mercur, Tintic, Provo, Nephi, Sanpete Valley and intermediate points	6:30 p. m.
**Mixed train from Terminus, Tooele and Garfield Beach	4:00 p. m.

DEPART:

For Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Ogden and Park City	7:00 a. m.
For San Francisco, Ogden, Cache Valley and intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points	4:00 p. m.
For Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Butte, Portland and San Francisco	7:00 p. m.
For Eureka, Mercur, Provo, Nephi, Sanpete Valley	7:40 a. m.
*For Provo, Nephi, Milford, Frisco and intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
**Mixed train for Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	7:45 a. m.

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E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. Agt.
E. DICKINSON, Gen. Manager.

THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY
GREAT SALT LAKE ROUTE

Current Time Table.

IN EFFECT APRIL 19, 1896.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Bingham, Provo Grand Junction and all points East	7:50 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junctions and all points east	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Salina and all intermediate points	1:30 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points	5:30 p. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo, and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 2—For Ogden and west	11:45 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and west	12:25 p. m.

ARRIVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	12:15 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	11:35 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Salina, Manti and all intermediate points	8:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the west	7:40 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west	7:30 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points	9:40 a. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	9:55 a. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco; Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

Through tourist or family sleepers without change, to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston.

Free reclining chair cars Salt Lake City to Denver.

Ticket Office, 15 West Second South Street.

D. C. Dodge, General Mgr. S. H. Babcock, Traffic Mgr.
F. A. Wadleigh, General Passenger Agt.

—THE—

Denver & Rio Grande

The Scenic Line of the World

The only line running two through fast trains daily to Leadville, Aspen, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.

EFFECTIVE APRIL 29, 1894.

Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a.m.; Salt Lake 8:35 a.m.; arrives at Pueblo 5:10 a.m., Colorado Springs 7:15 a.m., Denver 10:30 a.m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a.m.

Train No. 4 leaves Ogden at 5:35 p.m.; Salt Lake 7:40 p.m.; arrives at Pueblo 5:20 p.m., Colorado Springs 6:53 p.m. Denver 9:25 p.m.

Connections made at Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all lines east. Finest day coaches, chair cars and Pullman sleepers on all trains. Take the D. & R. G. and have a comfortable trip and enjoy the finest scenery on the continent. Shortest line to Cripple Creek, Colorado's great gold camp.

A. S. HUGHES, Traffic Mgr., Denver, Colo.
S. K. HOOPER, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo.
R. F. NEVINS, General Agent.
H. M. CUSHING, T. P. A., SALT LAKE CITY.

UTAH CENTRAL R'Y.

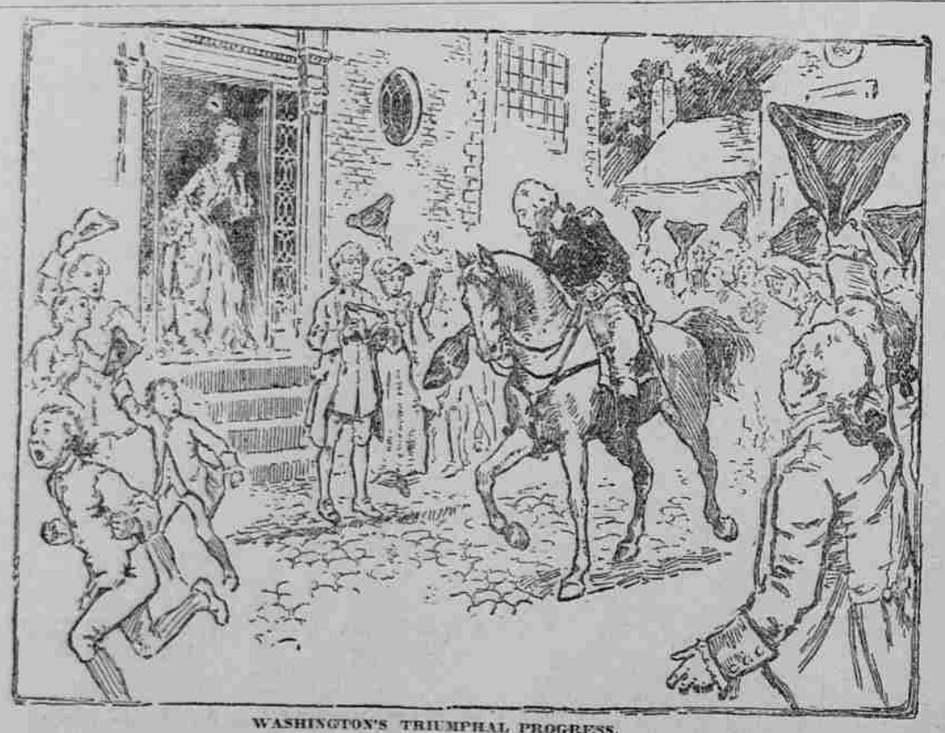
General Office 202 Wittingham Building

DAILY TRAINS AS FOLLOWS

Leave.	Arrive.
S. L. City, 8:00 a. m.	Park City, 10:20 a. m.
Park City, 2:00 p. m.,	S. L. City, 5:15 p. m.

Depot, Main and Eighth South Sts.

J. McGregor, Clarence Cary, Receivers.
I. H. Burgoon, Gen. Supt., Pr't and Pass. Agent.



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